

# A TURN-COAT of the TIMES:

*Who doth by Experience, profess and protest,  
That of all Professions a Turn coat's the best.  
Tis, The King's delight: or, True Love is a Gift for a Queen.*



**A** S I was walking through  
Hide-park, as I us'd to do;  
Some two or three month's ago,  
I laid me all along,  
Without any fear of wrong;  
And listen'd unto a Song;  
It came from a powdered Thing,  
As fine as a Lord or a King,  
He knew not that I  
Was got so nigh,  
And thus he began to sing:

I am a Turn-coat Knave,  
Although I do bear it brave;  
and do not shew all I have;  
I can with tongue and pen,  
Court every sort of Men,  
And kill 'em as fast agen.  
With Zealots I can pray,  
With Cavaliers I can play;  
with Shop-keepers I  
can cogg and lye,  
And couzen as fast as they.



When first the wars began,  
And 'Prentices lead the van,  
'twas I that did set them on;  
When they cryed Bishops down  
In Country, Court and Town,  
Quoth I, And have at the Crown:  
The Covenant I did take,  
For form and fashion's sake;  
but when it would not  
support my Plot,  
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency  
Had Superiorty,  
I was of the same degree;  
When Keepers bid command,  
I then had a holy hand,  
In Deans and in Chapters land,  
But when I began to 'speak  
Protectorship drew nigh,  
and Keepers were  
thrown o're the bar,  
Old Oliver, then cry'd I

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When Sectarists got the day,  
 I used my pen, and nap,  
 to flatter and them betray :  
 In Parliament I gat,  
 And there a Member sat,  
 To tumble down Church and State,  
 For I was a trusty Crout  
 In all that I went about ;  
 and there we did vow  
 to sit till now,  
 But Oliver turn'd us out.

We put down the House of Peers  
 We killed the Cavileers,  
 and tipled the Widows tears ;  
 We sequestred Mens estates,  
 And made 'em pay monthly rates  
 To Trumpeters and their Wates.  
 Rebellion we did Print,  
 And altered all the Mint ;  
 no Knavery then  
 was done by Men,  
 But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight,  
 Then I was at Worster fight,  
 and got a good booty by't ;  
 At that most fatal fall  
 I kill'd and plunder'd all,  
 The Weakest went to the wall ;  
 Whilst my merry Wates fell on,  
 To pillaging I was gone,  
 there is many (thought I)  
 will come by and by,  
 And why should not I be one ?

We triumphed like the Turk,  
 We crippled the Scottish Kirk,  
 that sets us at first to work ;  
 When Cromwell did but frown,  
 They yielded every Town,  
 St. Andrew's Cross went down ;  
 But when old Nell did die,  
 And Richard his Son put by,  
 I knew not how  
 to guide my plow,  
 Where now shall I be ? thought I.

I must confess the Rump,  
 Did put me in a dump, [trump ;  
 I knew not what would be  
 When Dick had lost the day,  
 My gaming was at a stay,  
 I could not tell what to play ;  
 When Monk was upon that Score,  
 I thought I would play no more,  
 I did not think what  
 he would be at,  
 I ne'r was so mumpt before.

But now I am at Court,  
 With Men of the better sort,  
 to purchase a good Report ;  
 I have the eyes and ears  
 Of many brave noble Peers,  
 And slight the poor Cavileers ;  
 Poor knaves they know not how,  
 To flatter, cringe and bow,  
 for he that is wise,  
 and means to rise,  
 He must be a Turn-coat too.

Licensed according to Order.